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The Pictorial Power of Music.

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In days gone by, when hopes were fresh that have been disappointed or fulfilled, and when expectations were for a future that has now become past or present, folks used to talk of "descriptive music," as a class of composition which was either above or below other writing, according as the estimator was younger or older at heart, according as he thought of what was to come, or of what, having been, was ever to remain. The term is now-a-days supplanted in the sentences of many essayists by "program-me music," with the French redundant syllable, as if to attest the foreign source of the definition; and this is used in opposition to "abstract music," which latter refers to pieces without a title, but implies pieces without a distinct non-technical meaning. Whether "descriptive" or "program-me" be the better epithet, matters little; either defines such compositions as avowedly represent some idea that is extra to the notes, some thought that is apart from the melodies and the harmonies and the modulations, but is yet contained in them. Let us then consider how long it is that composers have sometimes acknowledged such a purpose in their works, how far such a purpose belongs alone to vocal music, or is limited in this by the direct statement in the words that are set, how far it is exercised in instrumental music also, and how far there is still an expression, though unacknowledged, and even though unknown to the producer, in the whole mass of music. These points are worth consideration, as illustrating the respect due to the imaginative or poetical element in our art, in addition to the artistry evinced in the rhythmical divisions, the contrivance of the parts, the more or less sudden changes of key, and the conduct of the plan, besides the copious machinery of coloring, by means of the various tones of different instruments, and the varieties induced in these by difference in their combination.

Not to seek among the musty traditions of earlier time, one may refer to the extant works of two musicians of so long ago as to bear a high antiquity in comparison with the very far later development of music than of the other arts. Firstly, Dietrich Buxtehude, the renowned organist of St. Mary's Church in Lubeck, lived from 1638 till 1707, and left in print, besides a multitude of other works, seven Suites de Pièces for the harpsichord, representing the several characters of the seven planets; a flight of fancy the subtlety of whose aim has not been exceeded. Secondly, the Abbate Antonio Vivaldi, commonly called "Il Prete rosso," because of the hue of his hair, died at a round old age, in 1743; and he published twelve Concertos for string instruments, depicting the qualities and impressions of the four seasons; and another piece which is familiar as the "Cuckoo Concerto," wherein the notes of the "wandering voice" are conspicuously set down; anticipating thus the thesis of a Symphony by Spohr, and the appropriation of natural sounds to art use by Beethoven. Then there is the Capriccio by Bach for the harpsichord, written in 1704, representing the dissuasion of a beloved brother from a hazardous journey, his resistance of the same, and his departure, and concluding with a fugue on the notes of the postboy's horn; and what can be more modern in purpose than this, more descriptive, or more programmatical? There are the same composer's Pastoral Symphony in his Christmas Oratorio, and Handel's piece of the same name in his Messiah, both figuring the

shepherds at watch in the bright starlight on the night of the Nativity. There is the Symphony in Samson, to represent the falling of the building overthrown by the miraculous strength of the blind hero—almost the single instance of Handel's use of chromatic passing notes—and that in Belshazzar, which is quaintly, but characteristically marked "Allegro postillions," to accompany the supposed hurried entrance of the throng of wise men summoned to interpret the prophetic writing on the wall; and need one look in the works of any age for a truer image of the feeling prevalent among the dramatic persons than the Dead March in Saul or the Jubilant March in Judas Maccabæus? Haydn's representation of the earthquake in his Seven Last Words, and of chaos in his Creation, bring the art of descriptive instrumental music a generation nearer to our own age. Even Beethoven, the accredited inventor of the practice, was forestalled by a few years in his design of the Sinfonia Pastorale, the earlier conception of portraying pastoral life in orchestral music being due to one Knecht, an obscure composer, who wrought in a place, little less unknown, called Biberach. Glorious specimens of descriptive music are Beethoven's Overtures, all four of them, to Leonore, that to Coriolan, and that to Egmont; and his Sonata representing a farewell, absence, and a return, belongs to the same category. Rossini worked with the brush of a scene-painter in his Overture to Guillaume Tell and in the representations of a storm that divide the action of the second act in the Barbieri, Matilda di Shabran, and other of his comic Operas. Spohr evinced his descriptive power in his Symphonies, the Consecration of Sound, the Contention between Earthliness and Godliness in the soul of man, and the Seasons, and in his Overture to Azor and Zemira, representing the storm, the wreck of the merchant's vessel, and his magical rescue. Weber's Concert Stück tells a complete story of anxiety in absence, a knight's return, his true love's eager rush to meet him, and his rapture in each other's embrace. The success of Mendelssohn has been equal to that of the best of them in his Overtures, and in his Reformation Symphony and in those two orchestral works recording his impressions in Scotland and in Italy. The tone-pictures by Sterndale Bennett, namely, the Naiades, the Wood-Nymphs, and Paradise and the Peri, are each a masterpiece. Latest, if not last, the Abbé Liszt and Herr Raff are writing symphonic poems and Symphonies without the assumption of poetry, purposing to paint in tones the pictures announced in the titles they choose.

Thus much for the pictorial in music for instruments. It is the admitted province of compositions for voices, from the close of the sixteenth century at least, to express the words to which they are set. Many and many an author has been uncontent to limit this word, express, to the sense of declaim, and has found means to illustrate his text by figures of his own imagining, fully as metaphorical as anything that graces the verse of a poet. Think of the weighty wall of waters and the rippling of the harmless waves against it, in the chorus "He led them through the deep," the sense of substance as in our London fogs in "He sent a thick darkness," the oppression as of a heavy mass of ice at "congealed in the heart of the sea," all in Israel in Egypt; and again, of the helpless groping, where hands have to fulfil the eyes' office, in "The people that walked," in the Messiah of the same master; and say, but with no hope for credence, that the music paints not, with

power unmistakable, very far more than is stated in the words. Who can say that those howling notes, with their peculiar instrumentation, convey no meaning, that accompany the mention of Cerberus in the chorus of Elysian spirits in Gluck's Orfeo? There is the incident in Fidelio of the waving of the lamp before the eyes of the swooning Florestan, to find, by their sensitiveness to the light, whether he still lives; and the streaming phrase for the hautboy as much suggests the moving brightness as it recalls the captive's last uttered thoughts of his Leonore. Every song of Schubert shows the entire surroundings of the songster, whether in the turning of the wheel while Gretchen plies her spinning, or in the violent rushing of the horse, the night wind and the agitated father's thoughts in the Erl King, or in countless not less beautiful instances. Except, however, from all cases to be admired, the curious specimens of objective imitation that abound in the Creation, and wonder the while that so great a master as he who wrote the work should be so little of a poet.

The questionless perspicuity of these vocal instances of which the words indicate the purpose, proves that instrumental music may be equally full of meaning though this have no external indication.

Descriptive instrumental music has its worst side outwards in the so-called "Battle Pieces" and other things of the class, that were more in vogue from fifty to a hundred years ago than they are now, beginning with Kotszwa's Battle of Prague, that was erewhile as certainly to be found in a ladies' boarding school as a back board or a French "mark;" including Dussek's Sorrows of Marie Antoinette that ends with a glissando descent from the top to the bottom of the pianoforte to picture the fall of the guillotine; and not omitting the work of Beethoven himself that was designed, not merely to commemorate, but to describe Wellington's success at Vittoria. In these and such as these, the description is of prior consideration to the music, and, to prevent the possibility of any portion of this being misunderstood, the staves are interlined, in most cases, with indications as evident as "The cries of the wounded," "the agony of the royal lady when her infant son is torn from her arms," and so forth. To another species of delineation belongs the notable piece by Cesti, wherein the purpose to represent a rainbow is effected by the successive entry of all the instruments in the score, beginning with that on the lowest staff and ending with that on the highest, each for a single note, followed by the reverse of the succession, with which image if the eye be satisfied, it is possible the ear may not. All these compositions, from the meanest upwards, address but a low order of intelligence, and their littleness gives licence to many effective sallies against the pretence to address the sight through the hearing or to set forth visible objects by means of sounds.

Indisputably, all musical images are vague, and are susceptible of various interpretation by different hearers. It is more than forty years ago that a party of young musicians met, of whom some have proved their right to the world's esteem and have won due acknowledgment, who discussed the point in question. Two, in particular, affirmed that the Overture to Oberon told a tale as graphically as words could relate it. In support of their view, they each separately went apart with a third person, and stated to him, from phrase to phrase, the course of incidents that Weber's imaginative piece portrayed; and then, the holder of both

their confidences revealed the two to the rest of the company, and showed thus that in no single point did the several translations of the unmistakable narrative accord, save and except only that the first three notes, and the same phrase when it recurs in the key of E, stand for the charmed horn of the legend, which verily they do as truthfully as anything in art or nature can stand for itself. Beyond this, the rushing waters of the one were the armed knights of the other, the ardent love of this picture was embodied in the Elfin antics of that, and so on, and so on to the end of the chapter. The exception has been stated and exemplified; let it be answered by the fact that herein lies the pre-eminence of music over other arts as a medium of poetical expression. That the witness of a work of art is a necessary party in the explication of what it signifies, makes him to some extent a partner in the artistry; and this also gives to the fabricator of the work a wider range of appeal to sympathy, than he can have who speaks more definitely. It is a distinction between science and art, between fact and imagination, that the things which belong to the former are definite, positive, real, while those which pertain to the latter are to some extent misty, vague, insubstantial; the precision of outline which verifies the first is rounded or clouded off so as to give the second the air of a vignette instead of a framed drawing. So long as the work in question falls not into obscurity, the greater the elasticity of its expression, the higher its poetry. The sign-board that exhibits an indisputable red cow or blue lion is less considerable as a work of art than a painting by Landseer that suggests to the spectator a long train of fancies as to the feelings, all but human, of the animal it presents, excited by the circumstances in which the brute is involved. A newspaper notice of a royal visit to the city or elsewhere may be as accurate as a tradesman's invoice, but has no halo of possibilities and probabilities as to coincidences and consequences of the occasion: the Duke of York's description of the entry into London of the triumphant Bolingbroke and the falling Richard conjures up a thousand suppositions of the characters of the two, of the fickleness of the people, and of the fate of England past and to come. Still more free is the power of musical suggestion, still wider is its scope, and still higher on this account should be its estimation.

In needing a title to make its purpose comprehensible, a piece of music exceeds in degree perhaps, but certainly not in fact, a painting or a drama. For example:—in an exhibition of pictures, two friends, who had no catalogue, admired a certain painting, but were at a loss as to what might be its subject; a beautiful youthful figure held a dis severed human head, and this the beholders surmised must be the daughter of Herodias with King Herod's reluctant gift of the head of the Baptist, wondering the while at the shortness of the damsel's garments, but accounting for this as designed for the display of her recent dancing, and applauding it as a happy suggestion of the artist; the description in the book was, "No. 811, David with the head of Goliath." Again:—in a theatre, other two friends, who had no playbill, were witnessing a performance of Pizarro, when an actor's illness had necessitated the change from Brutus, of which latter our playgoers had read the announcement; they were bewildered, as well they might be, by the discrepancy between the incidents before them and their historical recollections, but they ingeniously endeavored to fit the one on to the other, strangely wondering, however, at the hoary age of Oroz-embo when the Spanish tyrant orders the execution of the venerable Peruvian, naively saying that they thought it was his son whom Lucius Junius condemned to death, and this old gentleman looked more like his father. Just in like manner would the Pastoral Symphony or the Overture to A Midsummer Night's Dream lose its representative power on him who knew not its title, and who might in his

ignorance ascribe to it a meaning different from that which filled the mind of the artist.

Musicians have always been singularly reticent, in comparison with literatists and limners, as to the extra-technical purpose of their work. Whereas, every book that is printed and every picture that is shown bears a name to define its subject, the result of a musician's labors is in almost all cases "a deed without a name." By no means on this account is every piece of music subjectless or written without regard to particular expression, whatever may be the peculiar diffidence or bad shame of the artist in hiding from the world the thesis of his inspiration. Haydn's biographers state of him that he always conceived a story before he wrote a Symphony, such as of a sea voyage with the vicissitudes of prosperity and tempest, of a course of true love which never yet ran smooth, or of a departure to battle and a victorious return, and that the music is the language wherein these unacknowledged tales are told. Haydn is not the single instance of a composer who has passed through such a mental process. It signifies nothing to the argument whether the artist be the inventor or only the illustrator of his theme; Shakspeare's Tempest may be before his mind's eye when he paints his fanciful tone-portrait, or a conceit of a storm at sea with its results that never had action outside his own thoughts, or the loss of the Medusa, or any other veritable shipwreck; and he may amuse himself, if no one else, by making his music wild or tranquil, agitated or serene, according as bad or good weather prevails in his imagination, and as the fears or hopes are paramount of the voyagers. This is not all; without admitting, even to himself, a plot, he is yet a narrator, if only of the thoughts and feelings that live and work within him during his period of composition. The same man will produce a graver work or a gayer, a calmer or a more agitated, a month sooner or later in his life, according to the passions that sway his heart, and be unconscious all the while that he is setting down an autobiography. It is hard to believe, indeed, that any artistic work can be all expressionless, save only a scholastic exercise; nay, perhaps not even this, for the man's patience or his want of it, his resignation or his eagerness will speak out in the smoothness or roughness of his lines, in the formality or quaintness of his words, in the fluency or angularity of his counterpoint.

The analogy of painting and music has been many a time expounded. Some points of it, however, have not always been noticed, and may be worth recapitulation. The term composition holds good in both, and in the latter art more particularly has its synonym in construction, design, plan. The current of modulations, their relation to an original or principal tonic, the chief prevalence of this and its recurrence at necessary periods, have their complete likeness in the reference of all the points in a picture to its principal light and in the just arrangement of all its forms. Thus far, a literary work comes equally into the comparison, which must have its beginning, its middle, and its end, its centre whence all events and arguments radiate, whence all the characters are developed, quite as much as has a pictorial or a musical production.

To pass from generality to detail, the employment of harmony to characterize a melody or give point to a certain rote, and the broad boldness that is attained by its occasional absence when all the parts at command, whether voices or instruments, proceed in grand unison, or the delicate lightness when all but one cease to sound, and this one proceeds with more or less grace or volubility alone, are entirely comparable with the expression in a drawing, whether of the faces of a figure piece or of the manifold forms in a landscape. How endless is the variety of character and significance that may be given to the same melody by difference of harmonization and by the timely appropriation of a single chord to a particular note of the tune, and how variously may portraits of

the same face be made to express all the emotions to which the face's owner may be subject, and as variously may representations of the same view express gloom or cheerfulness or any other temper that rules the artist while on his work!

The non-musician is scarcely aware of the boundless power this resource of harmony affords to the artist, who by its means makes his most delicate touches and his grandest, conveys his subtlest meaning and his broadest. Every chord, nay each inversion of a chord, has a significance of its own, but it is as impossible to define all these capabilities of expression, as it is to state the meaning of every modification of a curve or inflection of a line. To attempt a dictionary that should assign a verbal power to every harmonic combination or to every linear convolution, would be preposterous in itself and fatal in its results in proportion as it approximated to success, since it would change fancy into convention, subvert truth into dogma, and limit beauty by prescription, if not annul it fully. Another means of musical expression analogous to the resources of the draughtsman, is the difference of figure with which a melody may be accompanied, either in sustained or repeated or dispersed chords, or in an intermixture of passing-notes with essential notes, an invaluable accessory to the more important elements of melody and harmony, which adds largely to the significance of both. So too does the manner of casting a shadow over this or that side of a face, or of a projecting rock, or of a pool, or of a turret, whether in a plain mass of color, or in a cluster of lines or of dots or of whatever configurations may better be described, all of which palpably bear on the expression of the passage.

Thus far, our picture may be in black and white or in the diverse degrees of shade and light of any one hue; and thus far, one piece of music may be for a single instrument or for several instruments of the same quality of tone. Then come in the gorgeous varieties of color to the pictorial artist, and the orchestra with its many diversities of tone is the rainbow of the musician. The variegation of blue and red and yellow and all the grades between them, is not greater than that of violins and trombones and flutes and trumpets and bassoons and drums of all kinds. In the Sextet in Don Giovanni, when the torchbearers enter, and when the key is changed from E flat to D, how totally different a color is given to the whole orchestra by the tone, unused before, of the trumpet! This is but one of countless instances in which orchestral coloring is obvious to every perception. The relationship in effect between a piece for many instruments and a pianoforte arrangement of the same, and that between a picture in many colors and an engraving or a photograph of the same, are completely analogous. Instrumentation is in itself a deep study. It begins in giving prominence to a melody over its accompaniment, by playing the two with different qualities or degrees of tone on the pianoforte. It is practised in assigning to a tenor voice, in a vocal quartet, notes that are wanted to be more obvious than those in the lower register of the female voices that are really sounded above the former. It reaches its perfection in that delicious art which Mozart may be said to have originated and perfected. It is abused, (let us hope to the utmost) in the writings of some living Germans who set many brass instruments to play in unisons and eighths if they wish to give distinctness to a cantilena, and who suffocate the voice by the sustained harmony of double basses and soft wind instruments. Were a painter to use jet black for his chief shadows, leaf gold for his principal lights, and a coating of the eighth of an inch thick for his transparent hues, he might produce similar effects. Nevertheless, some of the composers alluded to are extolled as masters of orchestration, and some of them propose to improve the coloring of the greatest masters; but, happily, their method and their self-assurance have not yet an analogue in the sister art.

A beautiful comparison has been made of the respective capabilities of poetry and statuary as exemplified in Virgil's description of the death of Laocoon and the antique sculpture of the same subject. The present discussion admits of a corresponding illustration, in a parallel between the scene in Bach's setting of the Matthew Passion where Jesus declares that one of the twelve will betray Him, and Leonardo's picture of the Last Supper. In the former, the anxious question, "Is it I?" passes from lip to lip, while yet the painful feeling which prompts it continues in each member of the group; a loving spirit of fidelity pervades all hearts but one, and the anguish is common to them all at the possibility that either of them can be treacherous to Him who is the centre of their devotion; as the utterance is prolonged by repetition so is the pang extended in each heart that quivers under its torment. In the masterpiece of da Vinci, it is for the spectator to dilate the sufferings of the assembled apostles by lengthening his gaze upon its presentation in each separate countenance, and his further contemplation of the general attitude of the company. The music expresses the continuous, the painting shows the instantaneous working of the same emotion. The effect of the one upon us might approximate to that of the other, were it gradually unrolled so as to pass from side to side like a moving diorama; but then it would share the disadvantage of music in its transiency, in its being come and gone without giving time for investigation.

It is now, lastly and chiefly, to consider what is described, or pictured, or, to refer to the phrase of the day, graphed in music. A music lover, after this kind, once said that he liked "that portion in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony which represented the windmills"—but this was not the artist's aim, nor is it his end. Neither are the jagged rocks or the dashing waters of the Hebrides exhibited in Mendelssohn's Isles of Fingal, nor the forms and groupings of the insects in Handel's "He sent all manner of flies," nor the skeletons of the deer and the hunters in Weber's Wild Chase in the Air, nor the wretch who learned to pray from the innocence of the child in Bennett's Paradise and the Peri. Most epigrammatically and most completely was the whole purpose of this class of music set forth in Beethoven's announcement of the great work which stands foremost in everybody's thought of the matter—"Mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Mahlerei," (More the expression of feeling than a painting). There is and there can be no pretence in any work of the kind to show more or less than what would be the artist's impressions under the circumstances supposed, and this is shown in his own language, which happily is one without a glossary, that depends for its free translation on the perceptivity of the hearer. Who has basked in the sunshine and felt the kiss of the soft breezes in the open country, who has mused beside a running stream and noted the rippling of the current and the rustling of the leaves and the chirping of the birds, who has watched villagers at their merry-making, who has witnessed the rise and climax and culmination of a storm, and who has seen the returning peace of nature with the outburst of gratitude that flows from all animate and even inanimate existences—he has in his own breast the key to Beethoven's imaginings, and he may unlock the magical casket and be at one with all its images. Already has been suggested that every work of art is a subjective picture, a confession of the joys or sorrows of him who produces it. In this respect, an untitled piece of music somewhat resembles a landscape or a pastoral poem, which possesses a personal character, in so far as it may express the feelings of the author, beyond the positive facts of which it is a statement, namely, that there is a tree to the right hand, or a brook to the left, or a hill in the distance, or the warm glow of a summer heaven pervading the whole. To-day, one may regard these objects with grateful devotion; to-morrow, with regret for the compan-

ion with whom he once viewed them; again, in the overflow of animal spirits springing from health or from some fortune apart from the scene; at another time, in the indifference of a purposeless hour; anon, in the despair of frustrated endeavor. Whatever the mood, this will bespeak itself in the description, and, whether in lines, in words, or in notes, the individuality of the artist will be evident in his work, and the program will be traceable, even though it may not have been prescribed.

These remarks are the wild growth of a fertile theme. With cultivation it would yield a rich harvest to the thinker, but even these random words may indicate that there is store of fruit for the gathering.

—*Musical Times (London).*

Handel's "Hercules."

A correspondent of the *Times*, describing the Düsseldorf Musical Festival, states that Whit Monday, the central day of the Festival, was also the most interesting from a musical point of view: it brought a performance—or practically two performances—of Handel's magnificent oratorio of "Hercules." The writer says:—

Though this is in many respects one of the composer's finest works, the world seems to have been content to let it sleep during by far the greater part of the 130 years that have elapsed since it was composed. It seems to have been performed only four times during Handel's lifetime, and since then its history is, as far as I know, a blank, till we reach its revival by Herr Joachim at Berlin last autumn, when it was twice performed. If some of the lovers of Handel in England had been present on Monday they would perhaps have felt that they saw the greatest master for the first time in a fresh light; for both the work selected and the manner of performing it were admirably calculated to bring out one of his greatest faculties—his dramatic power, a feature in his works which is too much kept in the background in English performances of them. Dr. Chrysander tells us how Handel, in his earlier life, acquired and matured two styles—the dramatic in his operas, the serious in his anthems; how, when he was driven from the stage by jealousy and intrigues, he confined himself for a few years to comparatively undramatic works, such as the "Allegro," "The Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," and the "Funeral Anthem;" and how afterwards, the dramatic instinct reviving in him, he united his two earlier styles into one, and reached the highest summit of his art in the serious dramas or oratorios, to the composition of which all his later years were devoted. Certainly, from this point of view, "Hercules" is one of the most striking of his works, and it is, curiously enough, the only one to which the title of "musical drama" was given at its first publication. In spite of the similarity of musical language (for Handel must be Handel everywhere), one feels in quite a different atmosphere from that of the great national Old Testament oratorios. Except in the choruses, "O filial piety," and "Let none despair," contrapuntal writing is sparingly employed, there is greater passion and elaboration in the recitatives; while (as Professor Gervinus has observed) the nature of the classical drama is preserved by the position of the chorus, as lookers-on comparatively unaffected by the results—not like the Jews marching to battle with Judas Maccabæus, or the Christians praying for Theodora's release.

As for the performance of this great work I will venture to express my opinion that Herr Joachim's reading of Handel is as near perfection as anything could well be. Two essential points may be mentioned; in the first place, the tempo is never hurried; and, in the second place, the work is performed, as to instrumentation, as nearly as possible in the way in which Handel himself would have performed it. No instruments were used at all which do not appear in some part or other of Handel's score, while, excepting the necessary additions of violins, where merely a bass accompanies the voice in the original, and of an organ part to the choruses (which was, no doubt, done at the first performances of the oratorio), almost the only features added were a horn part to the air, "How blest the maid;" an oboe part to the air, "From celestial seats descending;" and an organ part to Iole's lovely song, "My breast with tender pity swells." If an improvement might be suggested it would be in the shape of a still further approximation to Handel's practice by multiplying the oboes and bassoons. There are

several passages where ten or twelve oboes instead of four would produce a real effect of instrumental coloring (of which, by the way, the fully-scored chorus, "Crown with festal pomp," is, perhaps, one of the best examples to be found in Handel's works.)

Comparing the general execution with what might be expected in our own country, the correspondent thinks the choruses were probably rather less well done; the singers hung fire a little, especially when they had to take up a fugal subject, and there was an unfortunate tendency to sing flat at the end of the splendid chorus, "Tyrants now no more." The recitatives, he says, were sung with infinitely greater fire and vigor than is usual in England. He goes on to say:—

Probably the love of Wagner has stood even Handel in good stead in this particular; while it has, no doubt, produced the fondness for musical declamation which made the audience receive the recitatives (including under that name the two great scenes for Hercules and Deianira) with as great favor as any part of the work. It must be added that the unaccompanied recitatives could not have been listened to with half the pleasure had it not been for the happy device (employed, I believe, by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt at the performance of the "Allegro" in 1865) of using with them both the piano and a basso continuo on the double bass.

The part of Deianira (mezzo-soprano) was sung with the greatest possible feeling and intelligence by Frau Joachim; there are probably few artists who could surmount so successfully the difficulties of the last grand scena, owing to its great length and the compass of voice required—nearly two octaves. Madame Peschka-Leutner created a very favorable impression in the part of Iole (soprano), and Herr von Witt a decidedly less favorable one in the part of Hyllus (tenor); but we had a very talented young Hercules (bass) in Herr Hendschel, and his master, Herr Schultz, professor in the High School of Music at Berlin, came all the way thence to sing the small amount of music allotted to the Priest of Jupiter. The part of Lichas, the herald (alto)—shorn, however, of several of its best airs—was fairly performed by Fräulein Asmann, from Berlin. Judging from the applause which greeted the appearance of "Hercules," the German public are not likely to allow it to sleep again. I only hope that the English public will soon have a chance of hearing it in the original language.

The Operatic Philosopher.

(From the "Concordia.")

In olden days artists were content to be called artists; the sculptor, painter, engraver, set themselves to their work, and talked but little and wrote still less of the principles or reasons of their work. Invention is a matter of feeling and too tender and solemn a thought to share with strangers. The first impress on the brain of an artist is an emanation from the spirit, and around this germ ideas are gathered together. The affection has been secured, the imaginative power employed; then schooling and knowledge of one's business, design, structure, and that which Gluck called *métier*, and Handel counterpoint, severally and to bring into perfect life and being the thing called a work of art—the grand thing—which is to be rejoiced over and to live for ever. Our Philosophers have taken up music, or rather a corner of music, and occupy themselves in telling the world how Mozart manufactured his operas—as Goethe dryly remarked, just as a baker makes his bread and biscuit. Mozart, it appears, lived in mistakes and shams; he altogether misapprehended his vocation; he knew nothing of the right way of applying music to the operatic drama! He was wrong in his subject, and wrong in his method! The only theme fit and proper for the operatic drama is that of legend—and legend outlying Christianity. What has been called the reflex operation of Christianity upon fine art is to be discarded and abhorred in modern musical drama! Our æsthetical writers for the last fifty years are decried, and their essays put on one side as so much literary lumber. New ground of thought has been broken up, the seed has been sown for a real perception of music in drama, some fruit has appeared in the Wagnerian opera, and a direct onslaught made on the idols and false gods of the last century! The musical philosopher's mode of action is simple but severe. Destroy Handel who perfected the song of the situation in opera; destroy Rameau who taught Gluck how to make an opera-chorus; destroy Mozart and Haydn who made the ensembles,

"Ah," said Haydn to one who told him of the joy he felt in hearing his quartets and other instrumental music, "but you should have heard my operas!"—works consumed in the fire that destroyed the whole of his theatrical labors for thirty years. Then, again, destroy Beethoven who made the grandly-dramatic trio and quartet. Having swept away these follies and delusions of our forefathers, let us begin with legend and accompanied declamation! "Begin with legend!" why legend has been tried and failed three hundred years past. Is not Rinaldo legend? Armida? Jupiter here, Jupiter there, Jupiter everywhere. Old opera is old myth, and old myth in opera never has lived, and never will live. If in future we are to ignore Christianity and resuscitate pagan thoughts, feelings and actions, let us send at once for the old Indian myths—the Burmah and Siam operas, and drink from the first-opened fountains. At this hour the theory of Wagner is to be seen and heard in Burmah—the sing-song declamation with the twang-twang of what is called a harp.

There is, however, a difficulty in importing and naturalizing the myth-opera of the East. The oriental *prima donna* knows nothing of "the word-tone." She little dreams that at the bottom of her "tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee" lies the root-vibration of language in embryo. And not to know the "word-tone" is not to know music. We are told song is the root of which music is the branch. But deeper than song—deeper than root—exists the word; and inside the word, as the kernel inside the shell, lodges the tone, the life of the word. Now, the musician who has not dug down and reached the word and the tone is no musician at all. Even ignorance of this order of genealogy in language and music is fatal to the composer. We find that the true cause of the failure of Bach in the *Passion*, Handel in the *Messiah* and Mendelssohn in *Elijah* is their ignorance of the meaning of the word! These composers imagined song was branch and music was root—a fatal error. They governed their music by their feet, followed the forms of march and dance! This ruinous mistake stopped Beethoven in his grand career. These musicians never once thought of people's mouths, from which alone proceeds the absolute and abstract expression! Music is simply the means of expression; it has its external rhythm; but if used solely to exhibit external rhythm, it is made a demoralizer of the inner, or word, rhythm; and proves itself to be the bane of all grand opera and legitimate drama! Thus our modern philosopher settles the question; but it may be urged that if in the operatic-drama the Aria is to go, the Duet, Trio, and Quartet to depart, how is the story of the opera to continue to interest the auditor? Everybody knows the story of the *Somnambula*—the story of *Leonora*; but let us imagine these operas set, not in the way of Bellini or Beethoven, but in that of the inner-tone or word-tone fashion. When the story has become familiar, where lies the interest of the opera? The grand interest in these operas is the fine art demonstrated in them, the spirit of love shown; the full emotion; the majesty and propriety of the ideas; the perfect unity; the orderly and harmonious design, and the perfect workmanship in all its details. What can possibly grow out of declaimed words? If genius is to be forbidden the iteration of language as a means of powerful and varied expression; and if it is to be forbidden the treatment of the truly supernatural—the revelations of the Deity to humanity—is told to avoid the god-like and the Christian in man, woman, and child; from whence is high elevation to come? whence the inspirations of genius? whence the portraiture of the noblest passions of our nature? Is thy servant a dog that he should believe this thing? Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing? Go on your ways, most sedate philosopher, and altogether irrevocably mad musician, but your ways shall not be our ways, your thoughts not our thoughts, your ends of the matter not our ends of the matter. Let song be root or stem, let word or word-tone be primary, secondary, or tertiary deposit, grand music has been made before your theories were ever thought of; it has flashed into the soul and sunk deep into the heart, whilst not a line of the new philosophy, not a bar of the new music has ever been engraven on the memory or for one moment influenced the flow of the pulse.

The new "word-tone opera" has the very smallest claims to invention or novelty; and yet it is asserted that "all past musicians have for the most part employed their energies to bad purpose," and "not one single musician has seen the right connection and everlasting difference between words and music." The conclusion reached by this writer is

most just as far as regards himself—"Little or nothing is known about music, for music cannot be considered much other than an unknown art." Such is the notion of the musician of the higher development. The philosopher, when starting, honestly admits that his conceptions of music are "hazy and unsteady," and declines offering any solution of the new musical puzzle until something more certain is known of chord, sequence, rhythm, and modulation; or, in other words, until he has received from the baker the recipe for making the bread and the biscuit. What follows if the blind lead the blind? If the philosopher and musician be both ignorant of music what can their criticisms be worth? A knowledge of the grammar of music may be helpful in demonstrating the order of thought and idea in musical composition; but granting that the critic is in possession of the knowledge of these rules governing the facts by which music is supposed to exist, yet he may be a somnambulist, walking in the dark when attempting to decipher the heraldry of genius in its emblazonry of tones as affections, and the means of daguerotyping the imaginative ideal. Philosophy has no necessary connection with music, for how can it deal with insensibility or insincerity, the longings of the artistic heart, or that depth of passion—that steadfastness of right purpose which from the first half-caught emotion has worked out life, beauty, and immortality, through impulses which defy all trace and are above all investigation? Mendelssohn, when writing on the spirit and intention of the true music-maker, observes—"Sacred music does not stand higher than other music, because all music ought in its own way to tend to the glory of God. . . . If the composer can only move the imaginative power of his hearers and call up one image, some one thought, it matters not, he has obtained his object." And when commenting on the middle part, as it is called, of a movement, he writes—"If heaven gives good thoughts the musician ought to be able to develop them properly. Development in composition is just the one thing in which every man is left to himself. Neither nature, nor talent, not even the greatest, can help him. He has nothing but his own will. No musician can make his thoughts or his talents different to what heaven has made them." The Mendelssohnian recipe is short and clear—mind, intention, and inspiration; or man, will, and love. Here is grand scope for the emotional, and no one need fear for the future of music if our composers cleave to the principles and motives for action so simply and so courageously expressed by the great Christian musician of this epoch.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

The Last Days of Auber.

(From the London Musical World, June 12.)

"When"—says the *Berlin Echo*—"just four years ago, on the 13th May, 1871, the telegraph, in a few common-place words, flashed through the world the news that the composer of *La Muette de Portici* was dead, the fact created no particular impression either in France or abroad, and it was only the class papers which thought of dedicating a more or less long obituary notice to the hero of the operatic stage. The eyes of the rest of the world were too intently fixed on the theatre of war, and every one was anxiously awaiting the latest accounts of the great campaign. What mattered then a single human life, when Death was mowing down his thousands, and when everyone was trembling lest some member of his own family had fallen beneath the destroyer's sharp and ever busy scythe?" Auber died under circumstances which placed him without the sphere of universal sorrow, and it was not until after some years that the world was destined to feel to its full extent the greatness of his loss. It was no young life, full of hopes, which had been cut prematurely short; he whose death was announced had already passed the limit assigned to human existence. His task on earth appeared nearly accomplished even when, venerable laureate as he was, he brought out at the age of 86, in 1868, amid the acclamations of his fellow countrymen, who once more had occasion to admire and applaud him, his *Premier Jour de Bonheur*, the day on which he did so being the last day of happiness, perhaps, for him. In a state of things like that which supervened during the years 1870 and 1871, men's deeper feelings of sympathy are generally restricted to the narrow family circle, and family Auber had none. The conventional condolence, therefore, which those more distantly affected are accustomed to offer nearly-related survivors was not forthcoming. The journals, too, which above all others would have

been called on to dilate in pompous articles on the master of French art, had, in the gloomy and terrible period of the siege of Paris, suspended their publication, which they did not resume until more peaceful times.

Thus it came to pass that, up to the present moment, we know next to nothing concerning the last days of Auber, and it was left to the imagination to paint them in as fearful colors as possible. This gap has now been filled up by Ed. Hanslick, who has been staying for some weeks past in the French capital, and we here subjoin the article which he has forwarded on the subject to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* :—

HANSLICK ON AUBER.

"The stranger who, after a lapse of several years, revisits a city which he has grown to love, feels more acutely than a regular inhabitant the absence of prominent men once dear to him, but who have since died. On the spot, their death affects him, and him only, as a painful novelty. In the all engulfing whirlpool of Parisian life, who has now much to say of Auber, Rossini, or Berlioz, leaving out of consideration the many less celebrated but charming artists with whom we spent so glorious a time in the brilliant Exhibition Year of 1867?

'Dans ce pays-ci, quinze jours, je le sais,
Font d'une mort récente une vieille nouvelle.'

"Alfred de Musset speaks but too truly in these mournful lines. For myself, however, as I stood before the deserted residences of the three masters, it seemed as though I was standing before three freshly made graves; my intercourse with those three masters I gratefully reckon among the happiest incidents of my life.

"I instituted the most pressing enquiries about Auber's last days; we had, in Germany, received such scanty and uncertain information respecting them. Even as regards the day of his death, the papers did not agree. Auber died in the night of the 12th to the 13th May, 1871, half an hour after midnight. Amid the political thunder-claps of the time, his death excited scarcely any attention, almost as Donizetti's did in 1848. The news of Donizetti's death died away in Germany and France amid the joy-cries of new born freedom. Who, during the general intoxication of that spring-time for the nations, troubled himself about a solitary coffin as it was silently borne past him to the grave! Yet there lay in it one who, highly honored and beloved, had, by his melodies, delighted thousands and thousands in every country thousands of times. Donizetti died at the wrong moment. So did Auber, only with this difference, that his last gasps were drowned not by the universal joy-cries of nations, but by the horrors of a terrific political catastrophe. 'Toute exagération est une faute,' he said in his last illness. 'We must not be guilty of excess in anything, and a man must not, like me, live too long.' It is, by the way, a very general mistake to suppose that Auber died alone and deserted; Ambroise Thomas, his faithful friend and pupil, who, during the siege and the reign of the Commune, never left Paris an instant, was with him every day and closed his eyes.

"From the lips of Ambroise Thomas I learned the following particulars :—Auber's greatest source of expense was luxurious carriages and horses. Except his horses, he really cared for no living creature. When famine overtook the beleaguered city, the Communards everywhere placed horses of all kinds under requisition, for the purpose of slaughtering them, giving in exchange a very insignificant amount. Of four valuable horses which Auber then had in his stables, they began by taking three. He was deeply grieved by this, but without complaining or raising the slightest objection. They now came to fetch away the last of the four, a black English horse of great value. Ambroise Thomas wanted to take measures for the purpose of inducing the authorities, out of respect for the celebrated and grey-headed master, to make an exception, and leave him his last and favorite horse. But Auber would hear of no such thing. 'C'est la loi,' he repeated with unshaken resolution, although his grief at the idea that the horse would be slaughtered nearly unmanned him. Ambroise Thomas hit upon a happy expedient. He begged and obtained permission from an influential official of the Commune to substitute another horse for Auber's. Thomas's intimate friend, Auguste Wolf, head of the celebrated pianoforte manufactory of Pleyel & Wolf, had been allowed, out of his ten or fifteen horses, to keep three for the most urgent work of his factory at St. Denis.

way!..... a - way!

way!..... a - way!

TENOR SOLO.

way!..... a - way! Thus blend our hearts,.....

a - way!

ff *sf p*

..... thus blend our hearts,..... our hearts to - ge - -

cres. *sf* *f*

TUTTI.

f Thus blend our hearts,..... thus blend our

f Thus blend our hearts, thus blend our

TUTTI.

- ther, Thus blend our hearts,..... thus blend our

f Thus blend our hearts, thus blend our

sf

hearts..... our

hearts..... to - ge - ther, blend our

hearts..... to - ge - ther, blend our

hearts to - ge - - ther. A - way! A -

hearts to - ge - - ther. A - way! A -

hearts..... to - ge - ther.

- way!..... thus blend our

- way!..... thus blend our

A-way! A-way! thus blend our

The musical score is for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor) and piano. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The page number 26 is at the top center. The score is divided into three systems. The first system has four staves: three for voices and one for piano. The piano part has a forte (f) dynamic. The second system also has four staves, with the piano part having a fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The third system has four staves, with the piano part having a sforzando (sf) dynamic. The lyrics are: 'hearts..... our', 'hearts..... to - ge - ther, blend our', 'hearts..... to - ge - ther, blend our', 'hearts to - ge - - ther. A - way! A -', 'hearts to - ge - - ther. A - way! A -', 'hearts..... to - ge - ther.', '- way!..... thus blend our', '- way!..... thus blend our', 'A-way! A-way! thus blend our'. There are various musical markings including slurs, ties, and dynamic markings (f, ff, sf).

hearts, thus blend our hearts to - -

hearts, thus blend our hearts to - -

hearts, thus blend our hearts to - -

ge - - ther.....

ge - - ther.....

ge - - ther.....

ge - - ther.....

The musical score is written for four vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps). The time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first three vocal parts and the piano accompaniment. The second system contains the last three vocal parts and the piano accompaniment. The third system contains the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "hearts, thus blend our hearts to - -" and "ge - - ther.....". The piano accompaniment features a variety of musical textures, including arpeggiated chords, sustained chords, and moving lines. The score concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to D minor (two flats).

No. 2. SOLO AND CHORUS.—KNOW YE NOT A DEED SO DARING?

(An aged woman of the people.)

ALTO
VOICE.ACCOMP.
♩ = 138.

Allegretto non troppo.

Know ye not a deed so

dar - ing, Dooms us all to die des - pair - ing?

Know ye not, it is for - bid - den By the e - dicts of our foe - men?

Know ye, spies and snares are hid - den For the sin - ners call'd "the hea - then?"

On their ram - parts they will slaugh - ter Moth - er,

pp

One of these was secretly taken to Auber's courtyard, while his own favorite horse, harnessed to a cart filled with planks, trotted off to the factory. Exactly the same as many a story of the preservation of human beings! Every day did Auber, tortured by constantly increasing agony, inquire whether his horse was alive and well tended. He did so the evening before his death. His mind, though he was nearly ninety, remained remarkably clear during his last and painful illness. He attempted to write a piece of chamber music, and sent for some quartets by Mozart and Beethoven from his library. 'A glance at the works,' he observed, smiling, 'will, it is to be hoped, induce me to burn what I have just written.' A life of such uninterrupted happiness as that of Auber falls to the lot of few mortals; still the day at length arrived for him to pay his debt of suffering. The fate of France caused him anxiety and grief; the sway of the Communards filled him with boundless disgust. No one could then offer him political consolation; for consolation of a religious nature he did not ask. Thus ended the composer of *Fra Diavolo*; ever young, even at a patriarchal age, tortured by bodily pain and oppressed with sorrow for his countrymen and anxiety for Paris, which he loved above aught else, and which, in summer or winter, he never left. The Communards wanted to take advantage of his death for getting up a demagogical manifestation, proposing to convey the body to the grave with red flags and blaring military music. The demagogues hated Auber, whom they called "le musicien aristocratique," and would not have failed to seize on such an occasion for indulging in hostile demonstrations. Ambroise Thomas, to whom these people were quite as repugnant as to his deceased master, determined, at any price, to prevent a demonstration, and preserve the body till it could be borne to the grave in a more honorable manner in more peaceful times. He insisted that the funeral ought to be deferred till the composer's sole relatives, two nieces residing in the country, could come to Paris. On this pretext he succeeded in obtaining permission to remove the corpse secretly from Auber's house, in the Rue St Georges, to a vault of the Ste. Trinite Church. There it lay three months. It was not till after the entry of the French army into Paris, on the 15th July, 1871, that the body was solemnly transported to Père-Lachaise, when Ambroise Thomas, Alexandre Dumas, and others, uttered some glowing and ennobling words at the open grave. But the latter is simply temporary, and the composer's remains will not rest in it always. A short time since, his friends and colleagues purchased the freehold of another, and are now collecting subscriptions for a fitting memorial. Ambroise Thomas and the highly respected principal of the musical firm of Brandus, put themselves at the head of the movement, and made an appeal to the general public. Out of gratitude for the monuments which Auber raised in his works to the Nation, the latter is now called upon to erect a fitting monument in return. I saw the subscription list at M. Brandus's. It contains the names of nearly every celebrated composer. It struck me as a touching fact that the first persons to sign the paper, and for the largest amounts, were the widows of Auber's deceased friends (Mad. Scribe, Mad. Halévy, Mad. Meyerbeer, Mad. G. Kastner, etc.) A genuine instance of the sacred and reverential affection of woman!

"General astonishment was excited that the cost of the tomb should have to be defrayed by a public subscription. 'What!' people exclaimed; 'has a grand gentleman, with an income like Auber's, who had no one to provide for, not left sufficient even for this?' The explanation given is that—firstly, Auber spent nearly all his income on himself and his various fancies; and, secondly, that his income was not so considerable as it was believed to be. At the period of his greatest theatrical successes, the pay and percentage of composers had not reached the height to which they have since attained. In four or five years Auber has frequently not made so much as Offenbach has over and over again received in a month. On the approach of old age, too, Auber had commuted his author's right for a moderate annuity. Thus he left only a modest sum, which went to two nieces—old devotees, who were never on particularly friendly terms with him, and who resided in the country. At no distant epoch, a monument in Père-Lachaise will mark the resting-place of the master whose brilliant talent was surpassed only by his indefatigable capacity for work. France, who knows how to honor her great men, both in life and death, has thus done her duty. Despite of this, however, we cannot avoid thinking that, during his last days and after his death, fate

avenged the egotistical cold-heartedness of Auber as a man. Streams of admiring and admirable eloquence flowed by his grave—but no tears flowed with them. His indifference towards his fellow-men is paid back now he has gone, and his death appears to have left no void in Parisian hearts."

Handel and Haydn Society.—Further Extracts from Mr. Barnes's Address.

THE FIRST MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Perhaps no more important event in the history of the Society can be recorded, or one fraught with greater results bearing on its prosperity, than that of the Musical Festival of 1857, originated and successfully carried through by the President, C. F. Chickering, Esq., with the assistance of those associated with him in the Board of Trustees, as the government of the Society was then styled.

The festival was three days in duration. The oratorios performed were the "Creation," "Elijah," and "Messiah." The chorus numbered six hundred voices, increased to this number by invitations to members of church choirs and others; and the orchestra, by engagements in New York and in other cities, numbered eighty performers. It opened with an address, admirably conceived and eloquently expressed, by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, an honorary member of the Society.

This festival stands as a monument to the wise policy and comprehensive foresight of Mr. Chickering, the President of the Society; but his wise counsels and energetic efforts in the interests of the Society during his two years of presidency were by no means confined to this one act.

This festival, though experimental, was but the beginning of a series of similar gatherings, which, after a lapse of eight years, were inaugurated by the observance of the half-centennial of the existence of the Society in a grand musical festival, which took place in May, 1865, under the administration of J. Baxter Upham, and which have since been continued triennially.

THE TRIENNIAL FESTIVALS

Of the Society, and the character of the works produced, have already gone into history; and no words of mine can add anything to their value or importance. They are periods to which the longing soul, athirst for new musical experiences and enjoyments, turns for refreshment with a certainty of realizing all that its most sanguine expectations have pictured.

The walls of our Music Hall have never vibrated to more inspiring strains than on those occasions; and, indeed, our greatest triumphs have been realized in that beautiful hall, to which the Society removed in 1852.

The prosperous periods of the Society only have thus far been referred to; but distracting influences, culminating in the withdrawal of members, and the establishment of rival organizations, are well remembered as having occurred on several occasions within its history. I shall only refer, however, to that of 1837, when a society was formed under the title of the Boston Musical Institute, composed mainly of members of this Society, among the most active of whom was its President of the previous year, Bartholomew Brown; and none of whom considered it necessary to withdraw from this Society before taking action for the formation of another. The consequence was, that all of the members, with one exception, so conducting themselves, were expelled; thus weakening our ranks very materially, as the members expelled were among the most valuable in the Society in point of vocal efficiency. The new organization died a lingering death, however, after two or three seasons of unprofitable struggle for the public patronage, and through internal dissensions as well.

The history of other rival, or, more properly speaking, opposition societies, might be similarly traced; and the lesson thus derived would be this: that no society organized for purposes like those which call us together can prosperously exist without harmony of action and sentiment. The very name of discord is fatal to the well-being of a musical organization; and, however circumstanced in the future, no dissensions or inharmonious actions by any of the members of this honored association should be countenanced by any who desire its perpetuity and its continued usefulness.

Like many other similar organizations scattered throughout the country, whether in art, literature, or music, the Society has had its days of trial and adversity; sometimes consequent upon divided counsels, and internal dissensions, and sometimes, as it has been shown, with powerful opponents to divide with us the public patronage and support.

On assuming the position of Secretary of the Society, an office which I entered upon in 1856, I found, beyond the faithful few, which included the most active and influential of its members, and who have, through good report and through evil report, ever stood by the fortunes of the Society, but little interest existing. A large portion were indifferent to its future; and not a few openly expressed the belief that its mission had been accomplished and its days numbered. This I say without reflection upon the management of any of my predecessors in office, who, without doubt, were actuated by as noble devotion to its interests as any of those who succeeded them, but as a matter of fact which was known to exist.

I was unwilling to accept such a conclusion, attaching as it did to a society with the brilliant record which even then adorned the pages of its history, rendered illustrious by those who gave it birth, and who had handed it down to us, their successors, through many prosperous administrations as a precious legacy; and at once commenced upon a work which I conceived to be in my line of duty,—of creating, as far as possible, an interest where little had previously existed, and cheering the disheartened and indifferent.

Though the Festival of 1857 was a powerful auxiliary towards an increased interest so much desired, it was apparent that only by incessant toil among the lukewarm and indifferent could the Society be brought back to its former glory. But I need not recount the day, months, and I may in truth say years, of personal labor devoted to its interests in this direction,—labors entirely distinct and apart from the regular routine business of a concert season; nor need I allude to the deep gratification which all interested experienced as increasing evidences of prosperity gradually developed.

The Society has won an honorable record for its readiness in responding to calls for charity and patriotism, and on occasions of mourning.

Its contributions, through its musical performances, to "the poor of Boston," and the aid thus rendered in supplying necessary equipments to at least one regiment of our country's defenders when marshalled into the service by the late lamented Gen. Thomas E. Chickering, then President of the Society, and to the Sanitary and Christian Commissions then in operation, are recorded to its credit. The days of mourning may be referred to in the performance of appropriate music, on invitation from the Municipal or State authorities, on the occasions of the obsequies attending those of Presidents Harrison and Lincoln, and of our two great statesmen, Ex-President J. Q. Adams and Daniel Webster, as well as those of our own Ex-President, Gen. Chickering.

THE PAST SEASON

Has not been specially remarkable for any very brilliant deeds; but the operations of the Society may be considered progressive.

About the usual number of public performances, as compared with those of past seasons, have been given, during the present, including one work of much beauty,—the "Seasons" of Haydn.

The "Messiah" was performed at Christmas-tide, and, later in the season, the "St. Paul" of Mendelssohn, and the "Creation" of Haydn, the latter on Easter Sunday.

In addition to the above, a concert of a miscellaneous nature was given, specially designed for the associate members of the Society. The plan of associate membership, through which we were encouraged into the engagement of Beethoven Hall for purposes of rehearsal, proved but partially successful, as the requisite number was not obtained. I am firmly of opinion, however, that with some modifications of the present plan, which may be authorized by a slight change in the By-Laws, whereby greater privileges may be secured to the associates, whether the Society shall continue, as now, in the Beethoven Hall, or in any other locality, a sufficient number of ladies and gentlemen may be found ready to co-operate in the advancement of the interests of the Society, by enrolment of their names among the list of associates, and the payment of the mere nominal sum required. With this assistance from the friends of the Society, we shall be doubly useful to them and to the public at large.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 24, 1875.

On the Diversity of Opinions about Musical Works.

[In these vacation days of short but glorious midsummer, we make no apology to our readers for thankfully accepting the following suggestion and contribution from a kind and thoughtful friend. We are sure it will read better than anything we could offer of our own.]

BOSTON, July 11, 1875.

Dear Mr. Editor.—Perhaps at the season when there are no concerts to report and criticize, it may seem to you not out of place, to endeavor to prepare your readers to listen with more earnestness and more artistically to music, when the time shall again come for it. I have translated some pages of FRIEDRICH ROCHLITZ, published in "*Für Freunde der Tonkunst*," which I should be glad to lay before your musical readers. As there is so little musical literature, either scientific or æsthetic, in the English language, it seems to be necessary to resort, for American education, to the more advanced German writers.

I send you an essay, which is at your service, if you are inclined to print it in the "*Journal of Music*."

Perhaps it would be well to inform general readers that Rochlitz was, for many years, the editor of the "*Leipziger Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*," which exerted great influence in directing musical taste, in the past and present generations in Germany.

N.

There is no department of art in which so great a variety of opinion is expressed as in that of music; and this is easily accounted for. Musical productions are so various in their character, that every taste is gratified; they are moreover brought before the general public, and every one can become familiar with them. The number of those who constitute themselves judges in any art increases with the number who take an interest in it, since very few renounce the right of judgment, and the diversity of their judgments is in proportion to the variety of their tastes. For music, too, there exists no model or original type in the external world, to which the individual judgment is obliged to conform. However various the opinions pronounced with regard to the painting of a branch of roses, in one main point they must agree; for everyone has seen natural roses and can compare with them the painted ones; and though his judgment may be very inartistic, it is impossible that it shall be utterly mistaken. It is true, we often read that the ideal and type of music are implanted in the sentiment of every human soul; but even if we are obliged to concede this provisionally, (since the complete investigation necessary for the decision of this question is almost discouraging) even then every one must recognize the frequent changes in his circumstances and states of feeling; he must acquire the habit of becoming conscious of these, even while he is forming his judgment, and must possess the difficult faculty of defining them, if he wishes to form a judgment of their effects, or at least, if he would express it in words. It is not necessary for us to say that this is not, and cannot be, universally the case. It may be said that "one who cannot do this, has no right to judge;" this may be true, but nevertheless it is done. In fact, the far greater part of mankind, in accordance with a well-known human weakness, judge of nothing more willingly or more hastily, than of that which they do not understand; for in that with which they are acquainted, they know the difficulties, not only of the work itself, but also those which attend the formation of a judgment about it. We hear it said that "everyone ought to do boldly and confidently what seems to him good, without troubling himself with regard to the opinion of the public!" That you may have said when you were twenty years old, or perhaps a little later; but when you are forty, you speak quite differently; and when you are sixty, you either laugh at or

repent ever having thus spoken. At the same time, it is not our intention to dwell long upon the opinion of the universal public; we will let that pass; but in order not to part without a farewell greeting to so numerous a company, we will only state a well-recognized truth:—that a work of art which has no effect on the sensitive faculties of the multitude, whatever the standing of the latter may be in point of art, is certainly not excellent, although not, on that account, necessarily bad; and also, that which does affect them is certainly not valueless, although not, on that account, necessarily good; but that with which they are, at once, entirely satisfied, is assuredly, not of superior excellence.

We must first turn to the judgments of those who are classed under the name of musicians and artists, of connoisseurs and lovers of music, consequently of those who have sensitive appreciation, not only of art in general, but especially of music, who have had more or less experience of its effects upon themselves, and who possess more or less knowledge of the means by which this art produces its effects. Should we not expect from these some unanimity in their judgments of musical productions? Experience teaches us quite the contrary. When they are found to agree on some important points in a few pre-eminent works, it is usually a forced judgment, produced after the lapse of a considerable time. Cases of this are so common and well-known, that no particular instances need be alleged. Whence then arises this diversity of opinion in all circles, unless it is the result of the differences in the individuals who compose them?

Sterne, in his Sentimental Journey, divides travellers into four classes. The first, according to him, includes the most pitiable, those who travel from vanity or in obedience to fashion. The second is composed of scholars, who travel to obtain change and distraction, and who aim less to enjoy, than to digest and comprehend what they have already acquired. In the third class, we see those who travel with the eye of a landscape painter; and in the fourth, those who direct not only an artistic, but a religious eye upon creation, who turn this spiritual gaze upon the blooming world, and who see the Creator in his creation. In the same way, we may divide musical hearers and critics into these four classes; and it is no derogation to our reflections on this subject, that much which we have to remark applies equally to other arts and, in fact, to life itself.

We shall not concern ourselves greatly with the first class, who listen to and criticize music, and also make music, from motives of vanity and in pursuit of fashion; they certainly will not concern themselves much with us. For them, the opera house and concert room, (and even the church), are only looked upon as a scene, where well-dressed people may assemble without molestation, in order to have been there, and to be able to talk about it. They are more interested in the way the singer bears herself and in her style of dress, than in her music and style of singing. They are able to listen to a concerto of Mozart, without finding anything more interesting in it than their surprise that so small and feeble a man should have composed so great and powerful a work. Everything in the music is either good or bad to them, which is pronounced to be either good or bad in circles of society of a certain tone; the correct tone being that which the favorite lady or most important gentleman has set as the fashion. This, with the majority, is not narrow-mindedness, but voluntary prejudice. They have no desire to be better informed, even if it were in their power. They have no evil intentions; they, in fact, have no opinion whatever. In general, these lovers of music are to be found among the rich and respectable of both sexes in large cities.

In the second class belong those who listen attentively, but, if we may so express it, only with the intellect. They wish to be considered judges of art, and not infrequently attain their object. Many of them disapprove of everything which is written at the present day, as well as the mode of execution at present prevailing. They dislike it all; and why? Because it is not exactly as it was forty or fifty years ago, or in some other past age. As with certain men of letters, who completed their course for life in the days of their youth, that which they formerly enjoyed, and perhaps quite rightly, seems alone good to them. With their predilections, which it is so difficult for them to abandon, the present music, being of so different a style, can move them but little. They mislead themselves honestly, and dwell only upon the slight effect of the present music, in comparison with the infinitely more powerful and more intense music of former times; but they do not reflect that their judgment is derived merely from the effect upon themselves; that the foundation for it lies in them. Their susceptibility is diminished, their feelings have grown colder, and they suppose that it is the music which is wanting in charm and expressive power. "But," they say, "the music of my youth still excites me, whenever I hear it." Is it, then, the music which still delights them, or is it not, rather, the associations of their youth, which the music enables them to recall? their youth, with its thousand sweet remembrances, which, though unconsciously, affects them more powerfully, for its very dimness. But this is the way with man, when he allows himself to be led merely by his fancy. Others of this class, who, though fewer in number, are the more odious, are the senseless, conceited grammarians in music, who are nothing beyond mere grammarians. They are careful not to omit to listen to the performance of a new musical work, simply in order that they may detect in it some error or some neglect of the rules, even though it be a customary one. A slight plagiarism, a hidden fifth, a forbidden octave, is a precious discovery for them, especially in a noted composer; and they shrug their shoulders over the wonderfully glorious Finale to the first act in Mozart's Titus, because such a fault occurs in the inversion of one of the accompanying figures. They are like the critics who, in a beautiful poem, can only call attention to a false rhyme; or like that critic in Wilhelm Meister, who found nothing worthy of remark in Wilhelm's personation of Hamlet, except the white string that peeped out beneath his black dress, during the contest with Laertes. "But would it not have been better if the false rhyme, the white string, had not been there?" Certainly it would have been better, and you are quite right. These last two orders of critics are to be found principally, in fact almost wholly, among elderly musicians and rather obscure judges of art; in the nature of the case, we do not meet with them among women. There also belong to this class those virtuosos or musical performers who are nothing more than virtuosos. They are interested only, or chiefly, in difficult, hazardous feats of execution; just as rope-dancers by profession enjoy most the passage over a wire. That which is easily executed is quite uninteresting to them; that which is simple and natural they find commonplace and dull. Certainly the conquest of difficulties is an essential element, especially with virtuosos, but only as a means to the end; these critics, however, seldom take note of this; they concern themselves solely with the means, and desire nothing more. And in truth, (human nature works in such various ways, and the domain of art is accessible from so many sides), we will honestly acknowledge that the possession of great skill, combined, if not with genius, yet with spirit and talent, may serve a good purpose,—at

least to a certain degree, under favorable circumstances, and at happy moments; but not in all cases. Since, now, the skill of distinguished virtuosos requires great industry and kindred qualities, which are very highly valued by men; since these virtuosos find great numbers who cannot do, but very gladly would do, what they can; since they receive everywhere admiration and praise, if not sympathy and satisfaction, (the former being more loudly and vehemently expressed than the latter); since the vanity and self-love of men is only too easily aroused by vehement and noisy applause, especially at moments when, by their arduous efforts they are excited to self-satisfaction; hence we may easily explain their usual decisions concerning that in which they do not trade themselves, their enthusiasm only for that in which they are concerned, and their hostile criticisms resting solely on their own authority. At the present time, there glitter, usually, among these virtuosos, almost as many women as men.

The third class embraces hearers and critics of musical performances, who are susceptible and animated, perhaps even enthusiastic, but who listen only with the ear, and judge accordingly. They are fond of music because it makes their blood circulate more rapidly, and puts them into a comfortable mood, and because music, whether in solitude or society, serves as an expedient, always at hand, "to fill up the vacant hours and the weary, endless time." They value and extol those compositions which promote this object; accordingly, as they are competent to their performance, they take up the smaller or the larger, the trivial or the more important compositions, or even those of pre-eminent excellence, provided only they serve this aim. How enormous this class is, we may learn from the publishers of pretty dances and variations on favorite melodies; from the straggling performers of military music, and from the buyers of operas arranged for almost all instruments, now even without text; or by observing in concerts the different degrees of attention awakened, for example, in a symphony of Haydn, by the *adagio* and the *scherzando*; by the latter of which the clapping of hands is especially excited. We will refrain from ridiculing or despising these, not merely from policy, because we may happen to be artists, to whom their appreciation is indispensable, seeing that this class is made up chiefly of the young, both male and female; and youths everywhere possess the loudest voice. Although their approval may not be permanent, still it is necessary for the musician, who at the moment is greatly sustained by it. We value this class, because its members really possess susceptibility and love for music, and take pleasure in it. They lean to that which is the essential end of music and help to advance it, even while they only satisfy their own wishes, as with few exceptions they should do. Moreover, it is safe to trust to a healthy human nature; whoever, with a susceptible, loving spirit, approaches to an appreciation of any work of art, must unconsciously receive into himself a portion of its better qualities. Only give them what is good; give it earnestly and perseveringly. Their darkness will be enlightened, their knowledge and desire will be awakened,—to a certain degree; and with this we must content ourselves, in general, in all that we give. Above all, we must learn to wait. With how many of us artists, even, was the case different in our earlier years? Is the world to be overturned because we have been converted? We believe not! This is all so evident, that I shall be considered trifling, because I state it here. It is thought to be unimportant how often we overlook this truth, and how often we consequently offer music which is inappropriate, and which results in injury instead of benefit; or even, in our dissatisfaction, give no music at all.

In the fourth class, finally, belong a few, usually quiet listeners, whose criticism is seldom expressly sought for, but who nevertheless are not unrecognized or without influence; who listen with their whole soul. In the pleasure of the senses they also seek spiritual enjoyment; in listening they also look for feeling, and in both also thought; for reflection is likewise an enjoyment to them. With them, both poetry and music, and in fact, every art is a way,

through the purity of enjoyment, to the purity of love; and through a purified love to the perfecting of the race. They consider that art has the same effect through the feelings, that knowledge produces through the convictions. If science directs his view to the highest, art makes him more inclined to accept it. If the former teaches the way, the latter makes it smooth. Many of you recognize in music a second language, like speech, graciously bestowed by God, to distinguish mankind from all other earthly beings; to raise him higher and to bring him nearer to his final destination. These listeners perceive in the melody, not merely the melody, but also the infinite spirit of love and peace; in the harmony, not merely the harmony, but the original fountain of unity, and the accordance of all differences; the final aim of everything, which though divided, strives to be united; the consecrated entrance into the fullness of peace; the reconciliation of everything unlike and apparently distinct. If they should be told, this is all fancy and new-fashioned mysticism, they make no reply; or, at most, point to Plato among their books. He who is accustomed to reflect, knows how to discriminate; and consequently, listeners of this fourth class discriminate music which is subservient to true art, from that which merely affords a transient entertainment. They look only for the spirit, of whatever nature and in whatever form it may appear; for without the spirit, the performance is only a sport, fitted for little children. Consequently, Rousseau's song of three notes is worth more to them than many a long opera which is only sound, and Handel's Prayer for Peace, of scarcely more tones, is more valuable than a merely correctly calculated fugue; just as also, one who can play well and with taste is dearer to him than one who can execute brilliantly a series of bravoura airs. He does not despise the accidental excellencies in music, nor even mere skillfulness in it, but both are indifferent to him, if they are not subservient to a higher aim; and he withdraws himself from that which is indifferent to him, and merely absorbs his time. He is attached neither to the new nor to the old, but solely to the good, which aims at and approaches the highest end; and more especially to that sublime music which has already attained this end. He does not scorn the judgment of the second class, but merely quietly assigns to it its own place; he is not disdainful of that of the third class, but kindly indulges it. His verdict often agrees with that of both; his point of view, never. He easily understands them both, but is understood by them with difficulty. Still, if they show themselves tolerant, they also are tolerated. In general, he holds the proverb: *De gustibus non est disputandum*, for empty folly, and arguments, except among those who are of similar opinions, for profitless labor.

"Alas, where can we find such hearers and critics?"

Do you understand and love such? Then, my friend, you belong among them! or at least, you are on the road to them, if you only desire it.

THAT "COLLEGE OF MUSIC" AGAIN. We are assured by one, who has had opportunity of knowing, that the "wealthy old bachelor," a man of over eighty, is no "myth," and that, after consulting his physician (Dr. Elmer) as to the best way of immortalizing his name in connection with some good work, he has verily devoted his whole fortune of some five or six millions to the foundation of a "College," with a magnificent building, for the musical education of the daughters of America. This scheme, our informant furthermore deposes, has been developed into a free fantasia by the writers in the newspapers, making the wish father to the thought, and that all the reports about calling upon Richard Wagner to become the head of the institution, as well as about Thomas and other prospective professors, are purely the invention of said writers. We trust that it is so; for the idea of placing Wagner at the head of musical education in America, with unbounded millions at his disposal, is too absurd for serious consideration. A College for the unlearning of Music were perhaps a truer title.

Taking the reports as we found them, and trying to realize to our imagination the dazzling descriptions of the proposed building in the Central Park, with Wagner throned there as the *genius loci*, we in a free and playful way, yet logical, began to develop a little of the "tale without an end" implied in that suggestive theme; it was too tempting, and we could have gone on much further; but imagination shrinks exhausted from the task. One

thing, however, we omitted when we spoke of possible professorships: the department of *Morals* would of course be kept in the exclusive charge of the great head himself, ("Music and Morals" doubtless in his thought are one); with this assurance need any mother in our Israel hesitate to entrust her daughter to so excellent a school!

—But, Wagner or no Wagner, looking at the matter practically, here are five million dollars, more or less, to be devoted, with the best will no doubt, to musical instruction in this country; and it is indeed most creditable to the projector that he so well appreciates the vital worth of such an element of culture in our great young Republic. What is the wise way of doing it? What were the safest investment of so vast a sum for such a noble object? Is it precisely prudent to risk the whole in one vague ambitious venture? Might not more good be realized by distributing it among several more modest and more definite experiments? Here, for example, is Boston, is every city in the Union, with the exception of New York, without a permanent Orchestra; a fund of a few hundred thousands for such a purpose, in each musical centre, would be an invaluable means of culture. Or, again, suppose that Harvard University, and Yale, and Cornell, and more, could have a few hundred thousands for the endowment not merely of a professorship, but of a full Faculty of Music,—would not this be a more practical and sure way of beginning the good work, at several points at once, each with its own distinct and compassable aim? Among a dozen such plantings there would be a reasonable chance that two or three at least would actually take root and yield increase. In two or three, if not in all, the providential man might turn up, the man with the right organizing, quickening genius for the work; and two or three successes, or one only, would be a blessing to the country and a gain for Art. Whereas, invested in a single showy institution, with parties plotting, clamoring for management—there are parties in Music, and some of them mean "business" more than they mean music—the danger is not slight that the munificent endowment would be all thrown away.

John Henry Willcox, Mus. Doc.

(From *Loomis's Musical and Masonic Journal*, New Haven, Ct.)

"Died, Sunday, June 20, Dr. John H. Willcox, 47."

Such was the simple announcement to the musical circles of Boston, that one of their most gifted members had passed away. Dr. Willcox was so well known and appreciated in New Haven, that some notice of him seems due his memory. He was born in New Orleans, La., was for some time a pupil of the late Dr. Edward Hodges, organist of Trinity Church, N. Y. He was for two years a student in Yale, and during that time organist of Trinity Church, in this city. He completed his college course at Trinity College, Hartford, where he was graduated in 1848. While at Hartford, he was organist at St. John's Church.

He returned to New Haven in '49, succeeding the late William Ives as organist at St. Paul's Church. Under his direction, the present organ in that church was built, and "opened" in '50.

During the few years he remained at St. Paul's, he contributed in no small degree to the development and improvement of taste in church music in this city; and the music of that church, while under his direction, was instrumental in bringing many under the influence of the Church, and to the enjoyment of its privileges. A clergyman told the writer some time since, that he attributed his becoming a churchman, and a clergyman, mainly to John Willcox.

In 1852 Dr. W. removed to Boston, and was organist for a term of years at Grace and St. Paul's Churches. About 12 years ago he was appointed organist and director of music at "The Church of the Immaculate Conception, (R. C.)," having recently been baptized and confirmed in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church. During his administration in that parish, the music attained a reputation second to none in the country. The selections were of the highest order. Masses and Motets of Haydn, Mozart, Hummel, Beethoven, Weber, and others, were rendered by competent artists and chorus, and, on festivals, with the additional aid of full orchestra.

Dr. W. was at one time a partner with W. B. Simmonds, in the manufacture of organs, and was for several years connected with E. & G. G. Hook, though not a partner, as has been erroneously stated. His exquisite taste was of great benefit to the latter firm, and several of the organs in this city passed under his critical supervision.

As an *organist*, Dr. Willcox was without a superior in the particular school which he preferred. A few surpassed him in *technique*, but no one in this country could rival him in exhibiting the capabilities and resources of the instrument. Abounding in melody, fertile in imagination, peculiarly happy in combining registers, (as a successful artist combines colors), his audience at once was thoroughly in sympathy with him.

His personal qualities were those of the born gentleman, free from professional jealousy, generous, hospitable, quick to recognize merit in others, and kindly critical, when his advice or opinion was solicited.

He received the degree of Mus. Doc. from the Georgetown College, Georgetown, D. C.

He married Miss Anna Chickering, daughter of the late Jonas Chickering, the celebrated piano manufacturer.

Opera in Berlin.

The operatic season at the Royal Operahouse was brought to a close with R. Wagner's *Lohengrin*. The credit of the following statistical returns, published in the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, is due to Herr Ferdinand Gumbert, the well-known critic of that journal. The series of 208 operatic performances given in German, from August 17th, 1874, to June 11th, 1875, comprised 41 different works, by 23 different composers. The novelties were—*Cesario* (three acts), Wilhelm Taubert; *A-ing-fo-hi* (three acts), Richard Würst; and *Die Maccabäer* (three acts), Anton Rubinstein. Of the stock operas, *Oberon* was played 11 times; *Cesario*, *A-ing-fo-hi*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, 10; *Der Freischütz*, *La Dame Blanche*, and *Il Trovatore*, 9; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Aida*, and *Die Zauberflöte*, 8; *Les Huguenots*, 7; *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell*, 6; *Fidelio*, *Belmonte und Constanze*, *Don Juan*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *L'Africaine*, *Le Prophète*, and *Faust*, 5; *Die Maccabäer*, *Rienzi*, and *Martha*, 4; *Robert le Diable*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, *Le Lac des Fées*, *Mignon*, and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, 3; *Stradella*, *Joseph en Egypte*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Hernani*, 2; and *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Euryanthe*, *Czaar und Zimmermann*, *La Muette*, *Jessonda*, and the *Finale* from *Loreley*, once. Moreover—Richard Wagner was represented on 28 evenings, by 5 works; Mozart on 26, by 4; Weber on 21, by 3; Meyerbeer on 20, by 4; Verdi on 19, by 3; Rossini on 12, by 2; Taubert on 10, by 1; Würst on 10, by 1; Boïeldieu on 9, by 1; Nicolai on 8, by 1; Auber on 6, by 3; Flotow on 6, by 2; Beethoven on 5, by 1; Gluck on 5, by 1; Gounod on 5, by 1; Rubinstein on 4, by 1; Kreutzer on 3, by 1; Ambroise Thomas on 3, by 1; Donizetti on 3, by 1; Méhul on 2, by 1; Spohr on 1, by 1; Mendelssohn on 1, by 1; Lortzing on 1, by 1.

The above list does not include five performances given in Italian by the company under Señor and Mad. Padilla, of Flotow's *Ombre* (twice), Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto* (twice), and Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*; nor does it include Goethe's *Faust*, with music by Lindpaintner and Prince Radziwill; Goethe's *Egmont*, with music by Beethoven; Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, with music by Mendelssohn; and Raimund's *Verschwender*, with music by Conradin Kreutzer. Apropos of Goethe's tragedy, it was exactly one hundred years on the 13th June since the birth of Prince Anton Heinrich von Radziwill. The Prince was very fond of music, and a good violoncellist. Though his "*Faust* Music" no longer boasts of the exaggerated reputation it enjoyed in a past generation, it is still frequently heard, and its performance on the 12th of this month may be regarded as a sort of centenary memorial in honor of its aristocratic composer.

After the conclusion of the operatic season, the theatre remained open a week longer for ballets, but closed finally on the 18th instant, and will not be re-opened before the 15th October. During the time it is shut, a new electrico-pneumatic method for lighting the gas is to be prepared. This method, which diminishes the chances of explosion, is the invention of Herr C. Barrot, master-carpenter at the Stadttheater, Vienna, who will himself superintend its application.—Herren Niemann, Betz, and Fricke, before returning to this capital, proceed to Baireuth, to take part in the rehearsals of Wagner's *Ring der Nibelungen*.

At Kroll's Theatre we have had *Der Freischütz*, *Don Giovanni*, *Martha*, and *Il Trovatore*. This favorite resort appears to have lost none of its attraction. The first novelty will be *Les Dragons de Villars*, by Maillart.

The Berlin *Echo* denies a report, lately circulated that Albert Lortzing's grave in the Neuer Sophien-Kirchof was in a dilapidated condition. Whatever may have been the case formerly, the resting-place of the composer is now scrupulously kept. Very different is the state of Otto Nicolai's grave, in the Dorotheen-städtischer Churchyard (Liesenstrasse). Here neglect and desolation reign supreme.

OPERA-GOERS IN THE ETERNAL CITY. I have often read that the Italian public listen only carelessly to music and never fail to indulge in tolerably noisy conversation between two cavatinas. This may, perhaps, have been true in the time of Cimarosa and Paisiello, but things are very much changed to-day. Let us take, for instance, a performance of *Aida* at the Teatro Apollo, Rome. It begins at eight o'clock precisely. Five minutes before the rising of the curtain the house is crammed, and, at the first stroke of the bow, a religious silence reigns around. During the first act enthusiasm is kept down

and does not overstep reasonable limits. In the second, the public gradually warm up, some of them venturing to hum with the *prima donna* the favorite phrases, while the more reserved among the audience endeavor to reduce them to silence. In the third act, people get excited, and the feverishness becomes more general. During the duet between Aida and Amosaro, exclamations are heard from all parts of the house, and when, at length, Radames appears and avows his treachery: "Son disonora! io tradii la patria," all the spectators burst forth, like so many volcanoes, and every voice sings in unison with that of the artist. Hands are clapped and feet are stamped with frantic enthusiasm; the ladies' handkerchiefs float like oriflammes all round the various tiers; there is an infernal hubbub, a fearful noise in which everyone takes part; the pit, the boxes, the musicians in the orchestra, and even foreigners, are carried away by this inundation of enthusiasm. Verdi's soul has passed into the souls of two thousand spectators, who are dispersed, trembling with emotion, along the lobbies and in the crush-room, where all sorts of exclamations are heard crossing each other like rockets. The fourth act proceeds amid less lively transports and the burning atmosphere is a little cooler. But, at the end of the performance, about midnight, the musical fever breaks out more violently than ever. Everywhere—on the staircases of the theatre, in the vestibule, in the streets—Verdi's melodies are again audible, and are carried into every part of the city, till the hour for repose at length comes to calm down the agitation, and silence the echoes of the enthusiastic vocalists.—*Neue freie Presse*.

M. ADOLPHE JULIEN, musical critic of *Le Français*, has discovered something curious in a supplementary volume of Grimm's *Correspondence*. As far back as 1766, Grimm had hit upon the leading idea in the libretto of *Les Huguenots* :—

"The only reason why the ballets are so agreeable and so much liked at the Opera is because the book is insipid, cold, and wearisome; but, in a really interesting piece, I defy the most skilful author, however great the art he may possess, to introduce a ballet without stopping the action, and, consequently, without each time destroying the effect of the whole performance. I may observe that the dances in a piece may be historical just as well as the singing. Give me a sublime genius, and I will show you Catherine di Medici making her preparations for the carnage of St. Bartholomew amid the marriage festivities and dances of the King of Navarre. The contrast of apparent tranquillity, a tranquillity to be followed by such frightful crimes—this mixture of libertinism and cruelty—would, if I know aught of the art of moving the passions, freeze the very marrow of one's bones; but I am not afraid of your ever seeing anything of the kind at the Opera, nor that anyone whose business it is can even conceive the effect which might be thus produced. They give us in our theatres things fitted only for children, because they know they are not playing before men, and that, even in our amusements, we dread a certain dignity and a certain energy."

When we recollect that, in the original sketch of the opera, Catherine di Medici herself figured on the stage, and was not replaced till subsequently by the imaginary Saint Bris, we perceive that, without, perhaps, knowing it, Scribe completely carried out the idea of the German critic.—*London Musical World*.

THOMAS'S GARDEN CONCERTS. Our last New York letter was cut short for want of room; summary of Thursday evening programmes should conclude as follows:

TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 22.

Theodore Thomas's Benefit.

Symphony No. 6, in C.....Schubert

[Manuscript, first time.]

Selections from the "Walküre".....Wagner

Wotan's Farewell to Brunhilde

Magic Fire Scene, from the first night of the Nibelungen Ring

Vocal part by Mr. Franz Remmert.

Turkish March: "Ruler of Athens".....Beethoven

Selections from "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg".....Wagner

Introduction, 3d act,

Walters' Prize Song,

Overture.

Vocal part by Mr. H. H. Bischoff.

Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6, 1st time.....Liszt

[Pesther Carnival.]

Nouvelle Meditation.....Gounod

Waltz: "Carnivals-bilder,".....Strauss

March, Persian.

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 24.

Overture: "Ruins of Athens".....Beethoven

Sinfonietta, Op. 188, [new].....Raff

Written for wind instruments only.

Fest Præstidium, [new].....Riemenschneider

Theme and variations, Op. 18.....Brahms

String Orchestra.

"Eine Faust Overture".....Wagner

Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6, [new].....Liszt

Ave Maria.....Schubert

Marche Indienne: "L'Africaine".....Meyerbeer

THURSDAY EVENING, JULY 1.

Overture: "Iphigenia in Aulis".....Gluck

Coda by R. Wagner.

Chaconne, [adapted for orchestra by J. Raff].....Bach

Trois Danses Allemandes, Op. 24.....Bargiel

Introduction, { "Tristan and Isolde".....Wagner

Finale,

Symphonie Dramatique, Op. 95.....Rubinstein

Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 3 in D.....Liszt

Evening Song.....Schumann

Serenade.....Haydn

Scherzo, Op. 16, [adapted for orchestra by H. Hoffmann].....Mendelssohn

Turkish March.....Beethoven

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE

LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Choral Echoes. Sacred pieces by M. F. H. Smith.

No. 1. O rest in the Lord. 4. Eb to f. 40

"Wait patiently for him

And he shall give thee thy heart's desires."

Solo and Quartet from Mendelssohn's "Elijah,"

in convenient form for choir use.

No. 2. Come thou Fount of every Blessing.

Hymn by Abt. 4. Ab to f. 35

Solo, Duet and Quartet, for the Choir or Home.

No. 4. Father of Mercies. Quartet and

Solo. Abt. 4 F to f. 40

"5. Come said Jesus' Sacred Voice.

Solo and Quartet Battiste. 4.

A minor to f. 30

"6. Fear not. Solo and Quartet.

Kucken. 4. F to f. 33

Don Carlos, by Verdi. Trans. by T. T. Barker.

No. 11. A secret Terror. (Terror arcano

invado). Duetto. Sop. & Ten. 6. D to b. 1.03

Don Carlos is a tragic Opera with "powerful"

scenes in it. The duetto is high-class and

difficult.

Memories of Home. 3. C to c. Campana. 30

"Fon't thoughts arise,

So sweet to me."

Simple and very sweet semi-Italian song.

Mama's Wish. 2. F to d. Daniels. 35

"I'd rather be your 'darling little girl.'"

Charming song for a little maiden. Very easy.

O, thou art like a Flower. (Du bist wie eine

Blume). 3. F to d. Kucken. 39

"So pure and fair thou art."

"So hold und schön und rein."

Easy musical German ballad.

Blushette. 3. G to e. Molloy. 30

"I told my heart's truth

To sweet-heart Blushette."

Should have been a rosy-faced maiden. Pretty

ballad.

Instrumental.

Lily Dale, with Variations. 5. Bb. Barbe. 75

The fine melody lends itself very kindly to the

hands of the variation-maker. The piece, as

here arranged, is rich, pure music, and in addition

is the best kind of practice.

Kinderscenen. (Scenes of Childhood.) By

Robert Schumann. 15

No. 1. About strange Countries. 20

"2. Curious Story. 20

"3. Playing Tag. 20

"Child Beseeching. 20

"4. Happiness Enough. 20

"5. Important Occurrence. 20

"Traumerei. 20

"6. By the Fireside. 20

"Knights of Hobbyhorse. 20

"7. Almost too Serious. 20

"8. Frightening. 20

"9. Child falling asleep. 20

"10. The Poet speaks. 15

Scenes Complete. 1.00

These are graceful little thoughts by a great

master, who thus condescends to play with the

children. Of the 2d and (principally) 3d degree

of difficulty.

Devil's Darning Needle. Polka Mazurka.

3. D. Strauss. 35.

Has the ordinary Strauss excellencies, and

also a peculiar snap, which reminds one of the

glint and flash of Dragon-fly Wings.

Ballad. 3. G. Miss Prescott. 30

A simple piano-song, minus words.

Fragrant Roses. (Duftende Rose). 2. C. Dow. 30

Graceful title to a neat and sweet polka.

On the Wings of Love. Waltz. (Auf Schwingen

der Liebe). 3. D. Bohm. 50

Mellow, rich music.

Jolie Parfumeuse. Potpourri. 3. Maylath. 75

Very merry French melodies.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff; an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

